

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 75 • 18th JULY 1970

PRICE 1/6



A True Young Knight



1. Once there was a young knight who had never fought a fierce dragon or rescued a fair maiden. All the other knights laughed at him for this, and called him a coward. So one day, having heard of a damsel imprisoned in a nearby tower, he set off at once. "I'll prove I'm a true knight," he thought.



2. But when he got to the tower, the damsel, whose name was Donna, looked out of the window and sighed. "Not another knight come to rescue me? But I'm not a prisoner, this is my home and I like living here. The dragon is not fierce. He is my pet," she said. Well, the knight didn't know what to do.



3. He did not want to return empty-handed. "If I cannot rescue you, would you like to spend a short holiday in the King's Castle?" he asked. Donna thought this sounded pleasant, so they set off for the King's Castle, where the knight lived.



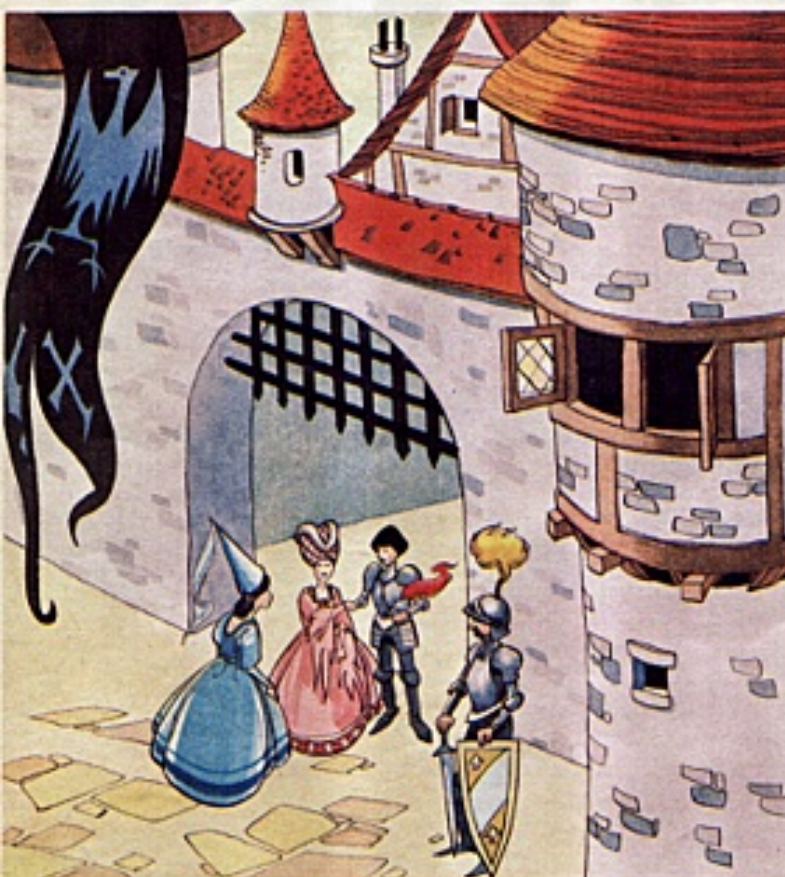
4. On the way, he told her how much better it was not to be shut up in a tower, but she only shrugged and said, "I like it there." It was a long, dusty road to the Castle and becoming very thirsty, they stopped at an Inn for some refreshment.



5. All this time the knight was thinking that when they arrived, Donna would tell everyone that he hadn't rescued her at all, but invited her for a holiday. Suddenly a mouse appeared under Donna's chair. Now, while there are some fair maidens who don't mind dragons, almost all of them are afraid of mice.



6. "Help!" cried Donna, jumping on to a chair. "Save me from this dreadful beast!" The knight leapt to his feet and waved his sword at the little mouse, who scampered away. "Oh, what a dreadful shock he gave me," said Donna. "There, there," said the knight, feeling strong and protective.



7. Later, at the Castle, Donna told how the knight had saved her from a dreadful creature—"the biggest of its kind." And everyone cheered, for they didn't know that she was talking about a mouse. As for Donna and the knight, they had fallen in love.



8. They were married soon afterwards, and were very happy together, and although the knight often wished he'd fought that dragon, he didn't feel too badly about it. You see, he would have fought it if he'd had to, and that is the real test of a true knight.



There are many creatures who make their nests under the ground, like the vole (shown above). On these two pages you will see other burrowing creatures.



The prairie dog, sometimes called the barking squirrel, is found in the prairies of North America. When building their homes, they will join different dwellings together until they form one large site. These sites may spread over an area of 200 acres.



All Sorts of



It is not very likely that you will see a wild rabbit during the daytime. Feeding takes place at dusk and early morning. At these times they will play together—hopping and skipping about for hours. The rabbit's burrow has many entrances.



The mole is a small burrowing animal who spends most of its time underground, searching for worms and grubs. It has powerful claws which it uses for digging.



About 3 feet long, the badger lives mainly on roots and insects. It is a very timid animal which rarely comes out during the day. If seen, it will flatten itself against the ground, but if cornered will put up a good fight.



The kingfisher is one of the most brilliantly coloured birds to be found in Britain. It haunts rivers and streams, waiting for a fish to appear and then diving at it with deadly accuracy. Its nest is usually made in a river-bank.

Burrowing Creatures



A large right claw sets the Fiddler Crab apart from others of its kind. This claw is often used in combat and, as you can see, is as large as the rest of its body.



The trapdoor spider's nest is a hole in the ground which is covered by a trapdoor. The door is made with silk and earth and will, with a push from the spider, spring open to catch some small, unsuspecting victim, such as an insect.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Fox and Brer Bear plan a picnic . . . part 1

B RER RABBIT was a cunning fellow and quite used to getting himself out of tight spots, but on the whole he preferred an easy, peaceful life if he could get it. Also, he knew how the other animals felt about him and how most of them would like to catch him and pay him back for the tricks he had played on them and he thought it was best to lie low and not go looking for trouble.

Whenever he went for a walk, instead of stretching out on a grassy bank in the sunshine for a nap, where he would be in full view of anybody who came along, he preferred to find himself a cosy shelter, hidden away among the bushes somewhere, where he would not be seen by any passers-by.

One day, when Brer Rabbit lay dozing peacefully in the shelter of a large tree, who should come along the path but Brer Fox and Brer Bear. Brer Rabbit thought

they looked the chummiest pair of rascals he had ever seen, as they walked along, talking to each other. "Up to some mischief, those two animals, I'll be bound," said Brer Rabbit to himself, and he pricked up his ears, to hear what they were saying.

Now, Brer Fox and Brer Bear were planning to have a picnic, with all kinds of good things to eat and when Brer Rabbit heard what they were saying, his mouth watered and he licked his lips just as if he could taste all that picnic food there and then.

Of course, Brer Fox and Brer Bear couldn't see Brer Rabbit lying there by the tree and Brer Rabbit, he just lay low and listened until they had gone by and then he started thinking about what a fine picnic it was going to be. He thought about it a bit more and he thought what a pity it was that he hadn't been invited to

the picnic, too. Then he thought a bit more and one thought led to another and soon Brer Rabbit was thinking it would be a shame if he didn't turn up at that picnic.

"It would be wasted on those two animals," said Brer Rabbit to himself. "What that picnic needs is someone who would really appreciate it." He meant himself, of course.

Then Brer Rabbit fell to planning just how he would appear at the picnic and as he thought he smiled, a cunning rabbit's smile, and he got up, stretched himself and then off he went, lickety-clip, towards home.

When he got home, Brer Rabbit called all the little rabbits together and told them what he had overheard. "Now, it would be a pity to let these two animals have all that good food just for themselves," he said. "So I have thought of a plan. I am

going to make a monster, and I want you to help me."

The little rabbits crowded round and listened eagerly and they nodded their heads and chuckled and laughed until they were fit to burst. Then off they went to do what their father had asked.

One little rabbit went and found some pots of paint and another little rabbit got the paintbrushes. Several of the others went and found some large pieces of material. Another little rabbit went into the house and got the scissors, and another one brought a needle and some cotton. Brer Rabbit himself went and found some wooden poles and some string. Then they were ready.

They stitched all the pieces of material together until they formed one long strip, and then one of the little rabbits snipped all along the edges to make a fringe.

Brer Rabbit showed them how to cut the material at the front so that it looked like an animal's snout. Then he drew the outline of a head and eyes on it, and one of the little rabbits painted it with her paintbrush. There were holes for the eyes and two holes above for the ears, for Brer Rabbit meant to have his head underneath that piece of painted material and it was his eyes and his ears which would be showing through the holes.

The rabbits cut eyeholes and earholes all the way along that piece of material,

right to the very end, because Brer Rabbit wanted all the little rabbits to be under there with him, so that it would look for all the world like a great monster, with dozens of legs.

The little rabbits cut and stitched and painted, chuckling away happily to themselves while they worked. Brer Rabbit sat on the steps and tied the pieces of wood together with string. It took a long time, but at last it was all ready. The top of the material had all been painted and there were holes cut all along it for each of the little rabbits. Brer Rabbit took the wood he had tied and fitted it into the front of the material and it looked just like a row of great big teeth.

One of the little rabbits cut a long piece of cloth and put it between the teeth, so that it looked like a forked tongue.

When they had finished, they all got inside the monster skin they had made and danced all round the house several times, just to practise, so that they would get all their legs walking in step and nobody would trip over and send the whole thing tumbling down.

"Fine," said Brer Rabbit, laughing with glee. "You'll make the finest monster ever seen in these parts. It will scare those two greedy animals out of their skins, just see if it doesn't."

All the little rabbits agreed with him, because they thought their father's idea

was one of the best he had ever had and they could hardly wait for the day of the picnic to come.

They put the monster skin away where it would not be seen and then off they all went, to bed.

Next week, Brer Rabbit and the monster go to the picnic.

BRER RABBIT'S RIDDLES

1. What goes up and down and yet never moves?
2. Why is a guard dog bigger by night than by day?
3. When does a chair dislike a man?

ANSWERS:

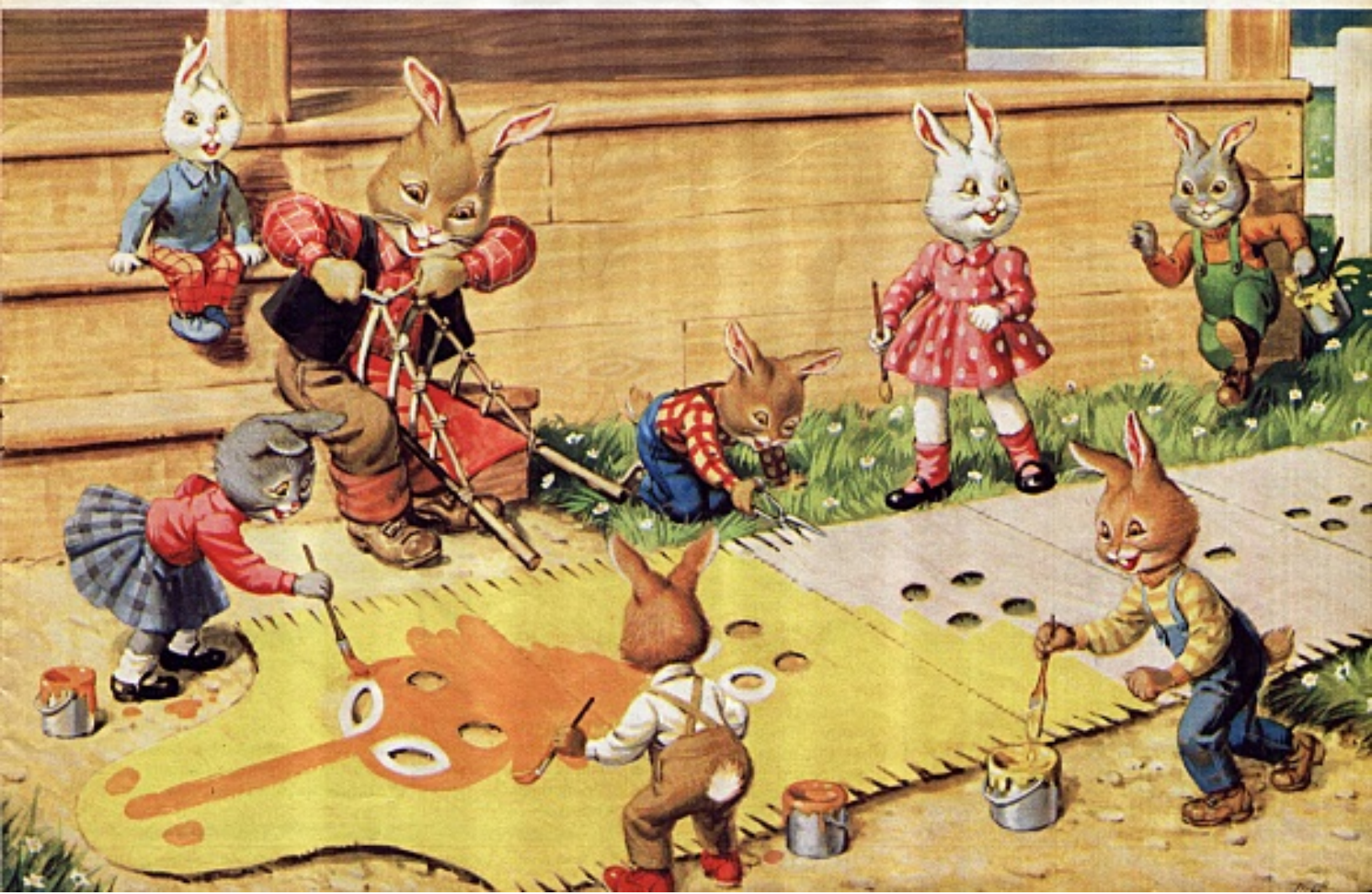
1. A mountain.
2. Because it is let out at night, and taken in in the morning.
3. When it cannot bear him.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

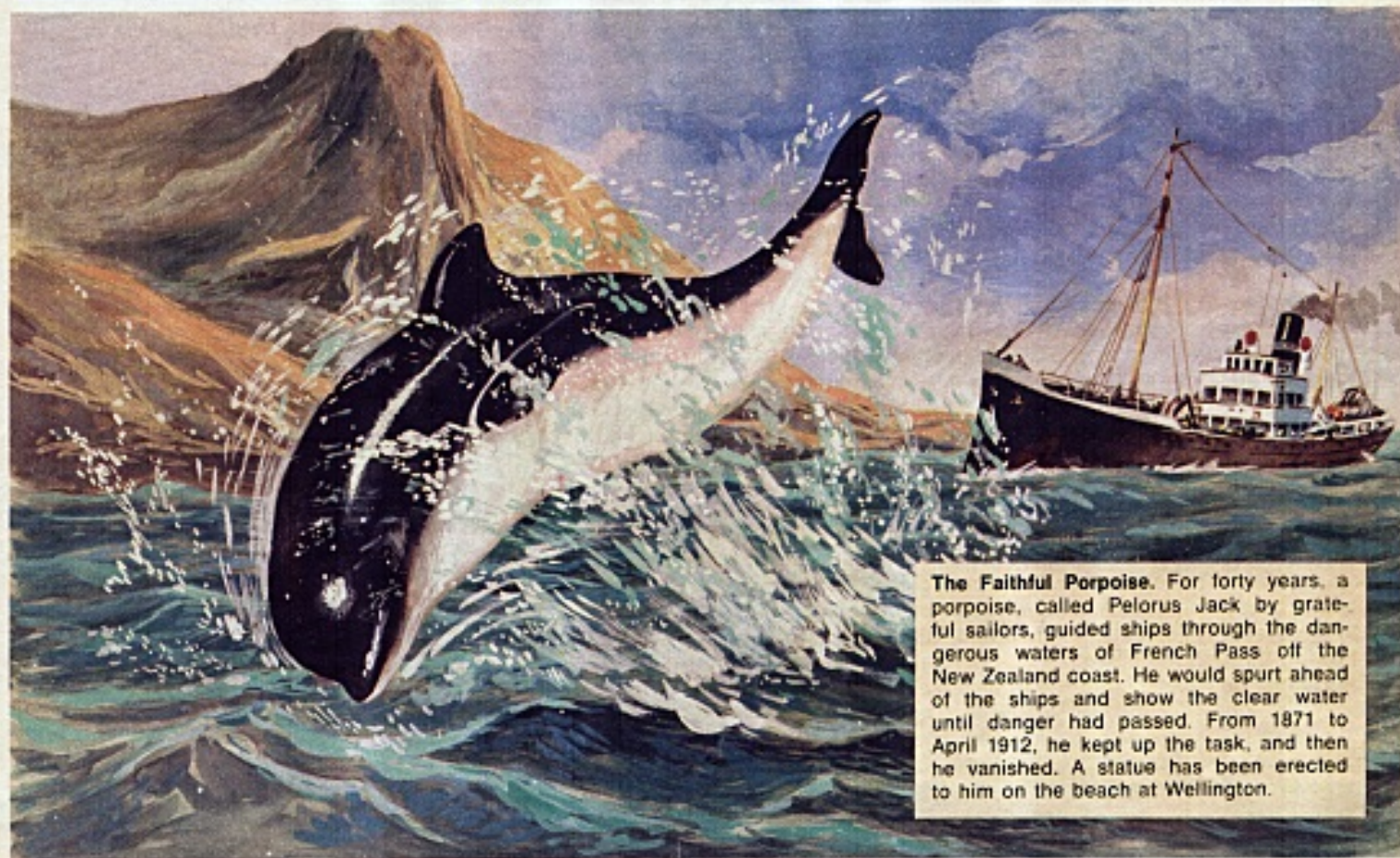
Dear Boys and Girls,

Since Sinbad the Sailor appeared some weeks ago in *Once Upon a Time*, I have had several letters asking for more of his adventures. I like the Sinbad stories, too, so on pages 18 and 19 this week there begins a new story of his adventures. I hope you will like it.

Your Friend, The Editor.



Well, Fancy That!



The Faithful Porpoise. For forty years, a porpoise, called Pelorus Jack by grateful sailors, guided ships through the dangerous waters of French Pass off the New Zealand coast. He would spurt ahead of the ships and show the clear water until danger had passed. From 1871 to April 1912, he kept up the task, and then he vanished. A statue has been erected to him on the beach at Wellington.



A Lost Nose. In the Middle Ages, Arabs used the Great Sphinx of Egypt for target practice with the new weapons called fire-arms. The nose was shot away and nobody knows what the missing nose looked like.



The Hitch-hikers. There is some evidence that wrens and humming birds ride pick-a-back on larger birds in flight. Observers have heard the twittering of small, unseen birds as flocks of cranes have passed low overhead.



Alexander's famous horse

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story turn to page 16 and try to answer some questions about it.

Many years ago, from a little land called Macedon, which lay to the north-east of Greece, came one of the most famous kings the world has ever seen. His name was Alexander the Great, and it is said a certain special horse helped him to become so famous.

Alexander was only sixteen when he saw the horse for the first time. It had been brought to his father, King Philip, by a man from Thessaly, a country famous for beautiful horses.

It was a glorious animal, glossy black with a white star on its forehead. King Philip said he would buy the horse, but first wanted to see how it behaved.

So the animal was handed to the king's

grooms and they tried to mount it. But it would not let them and began to plunge and rear savagely.

"The horse is vicious," said King Philip. "Take him away. I would not think of buying such a bad-tempered beast."

Now Alexander was sitting at his father's side while the horse was being tried. He loved horses and thought this one was the finest he had ever seen.

"What a pity to lose such a beautiful horse for the want of skill and courage to mount it," he said.

His father looked at him angrily.

"Perhaps you could manage the horse yourself," he said scornfully.

"Let me try," said Alexander. He caught hold of the bridle and turned the horse to the sun, for he had seen at once that that animal was frightened of its own shadow.

Then he spoke to it softly and when the horse became quiet he leapt on to it.

He pulled lightly on the reins and the horse began to gallop. Everyone watched in amazement as they saw how wonderfully fast it could go.

Alexander took the horse for his own and called him Bucephalus (say it Boo-sel-a-lus). He loved him greatly and when he became king on his father's death, he took Bucephalus with him into many a battle. His victories gained him the title of Alexander the Great.

When at last the brave animal died of wounds, Alexander built a city in memory of the horse and called it Bucephala after him.

As you look at the lovely picture of three children and their mother admiring the mare and foal, think back to one of the most famous horses of all time—the one named Bucephalus.

FAYALA

*the beautiful
witch*

Fayala the Witch was young and very very beautiful. She lived in a Royal Kingdom where all the people were happy and contented. They had every reason to be, for it was a pleasant land of blue skies, golden sunshine, green grass and flowers of every colour.

Sad to say, Fayala was not all that happy and contented. To tell the truth she was rather a spoilt person, always wanting things her own way. Perhaps this was because she was really a witch and felt that she was different from all the other young girls of the Kingdom.

One day she caught sight of the King's son, Prince Anton, as he rode out from the Palace to go hunting, and at once she fell in love with him.

"I shall marry him," Fayala decided, without stopping to wonder if the young Prince would be willing to marry her. "He will make a very handsome husband indeed for me."

So she waited for a chance to meet the Prince and as he rode out from the Palace on the following day, she boldly stepped in front of his horse and halted it.

"You are going to marry me, Prince Anton," said Fayala. "And for my wedding gifts you will buy me some slippers of red leather, a cloak of blue velvet and a dress of brightest green silk."

Prince Anton looked at her in surprise, then got down from his horse.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I am called Fayala," replied the young witch. "Do you consider me pretty and attractive?"

"It matters little, for I shall not be marrying you," said Prince Anton. "Nor shall I be buying you red slippers, a blue cloak or a green dress, so you may as well put such thoughts out of your mind. I bid you good-day, young madam."

Fayala watched the handsome Prince get back on his horse and then as he rode away, she blurted out:

"Think well about what I have said, fair Prince, and when we meet again you may well wish to give me a different answer."

A little annoyed at Fayala's boldness in speaking to him, Prince Anton galloped off, shaking his head.

Next day, when he rode out of the Palace, Fayala was again waiting for him.

"Well?" asked the young witch. "Did you think about it?"

"I did not," replied the Prince in a cool voice. "There was no need, for I gave you my answer yesterday."

Fayala was furious, for it was not often that people went against her wishes.

"You have slighted me, young Prince," she said, "so now you will suffer the consequences."

"How can you make me suffer?" scoffed the Royal Prince. "My father is a King with great power."

"I, too, have great power," answered Fayala the Witch. "From this day on, your father's Kingdom will not have the red of the slippers I wanted, nor the blue of the cloak, nor the green of the dress."

She turned away from the Prince, waved her hands and spoke a few magic words.



At once things began to change in a sudden and mysterious way.

The grass and the trees lost all their green, the sky began to turn a muddy grey, all flowers lost their bright colour and even the red went from the Prince's cloak.

Prince Anton looked around him in dismay. The beautiful colours of the countryside had vanished. Birds stopped singing and dull-looking butterflies hovered above the rusty-looking flowers, which a few moments before had blazed with all the colours of the rainbow.

A coolness came over the once-happy land as though all life had been taken from it.

"Fayala!" gasped the Prince. "If this is your doing, then you must change it."

But Fayala had hurried away. In next week's part of this story you will see some other strange results of Fayala's magic spell.



The Goose-girl



1. Once there was a young goose-girl named Gerda. Although she was only a humble peasant girl and came from a poor home, Gerda was really very lovely. She would often look at her reflection in the water and think to herself that she really should have been a princess, or at least a very fine and wealthy lady.



2. "Anyone can see I wasn't meant to be a goose-girl," she told the geese, but they only replied, "Honk, honk." Hans, the miller's son, had fallen in love with Gerda and wanted to marry her, Gerda thought he was hardly suitable for someone who was meant to be a fine lady, but she made sure she passed his mill every day.



3. One day, Gerda happened to find a purse which contained three gold pieces. "I don't know who the money belongs to, so I'll use it to buy myself some fine clothes," Gerda said to herself. "Then people will see that I was never meant to be a goose-girl."



4. Dressed up in her fine clothes, Gerda could hardly look after geese, so the poor geese were neglected while she strolled around pretending to be a fine lady. The people of the village shook their heads and said no good would come of such goings-on.



5. Gerda did not care a bit what the villagers said. She felt very pleased with herself. One day the lord of the Manor paid a visit to the village with his two daughters. One of them recognised Gerda. "Oh, look," she cried. "It's the goose-girl, giving herself airs and graces, pretending to be a lady." "Silly thing," said the other girl. "Here, goose-girl, hold my horse for me."



6. Poor Gerda felt so ashamed that she rushed away, weeping bitterly. Hans had overheard all this and he told the two girls that they were rude and disagreeable and should be ashamed at their unkind behaviour. The girls thought that their father would be angry with Hans, but he told them that Hans was right and for their unkindness they would go to bed without any supper.



7. Hans went in search of Gerda and found her weeping. "I'm not a lady," she sobbed. "I'm really just a goose-girl, after all." "Clothes don't make a lady," said Hans. "Those two have always worn fine clothes, but they do not have the manners of fine ladies."



8. Gerda cheered up at once, for she suddenly realised that to Hans she would always be a fine lady, even though she wore a rough linen dress and had bare feet. She fell in love with him and soon they were married and she kept her fine clothes just for Sundays when she and Hans went out walking.



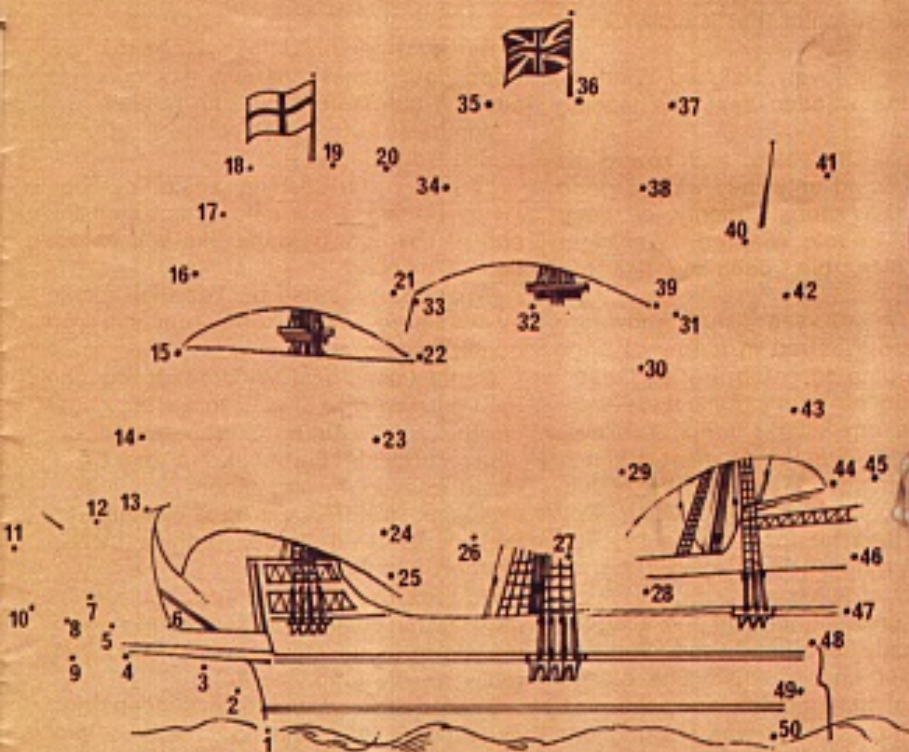
Beautiful Paintings

In this beautiful picture, the artist has very cleverly painted everything you might want to know about a fox—its shape and its character. Closely related to the dog family, the ever-alert fox is distinguished by the sharp nose, erect ears and long bushy tail. It is a hunting animal, famous for its boldness and cunning. In our language if someone is

"foxed" it means that he has been outwitted by a person cleverer and more cunning than himself. In the picture the two birds are close to danger, but you can be sure that they are keeping a careful watch on the fox and are ready to fly away in a sudden hurry. Cut out this lovely picture and add it to your collection.

The Pilgrim Fathers

When James the First tried to force his own views on religion on to his people, a group of his subjects who called themselves Puritans stood firmly against him. It was decided that they should form a colony in America. On the 8th August, 1620, a ship called the "Mayflower" set sail from Southampton for America. On board were a party of Puritan pilgrims and John Carver, who was to become the first governor of Plymouth. They suffered many fierce storms on the way but they did manage to reach Plymouth, Massachusetts, where a town was formed. Many pilgrims followed the Pilgrim Fathers to America and these included Roman Catholics and Quakers. A party of Dutch pilgrims formed a town called New Amsterdam. Nowadays, that old town is better known as New York.



Join the dots from 1 to 50, and you will have drawn the same kind of ship as was used by the Pilgrim Fathers.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

One fine summer day, Bertie walked into Winifred's little cottage. Bertie was Winifred's boy-friend and most of the time he worked very hard on Farmer Hayseed's farm.

"Winnie," he called. "I've got a holiday today, so I'm going to take you to the sea."

"The sea," squeaked Winifred, running to meet Bertie. "Ooh, how exciting. It's been simply ages since I went to the sea."

"Well, get out your best hat and pack some sandwiches and we'll go," said Bertie. "I've got my fishing rod, so I thought we'd take a boat out and try to catch some fish. Then we can bring our fish home and cook it for supper."

"What a good idea," said Winifred, almost out of breath as she rushed around cutting the bread for egg sandwiches and packing the cakes and buns and biscuits in a large basket. Then, when she was sure there was so much food that they would not go hungry, she made a big flask full of tea and packed that right in the corner of the basket.

"Hurry up, Winnie," said Bertie. "We've got a long way to go to the sea, so we'll have to get moving."

Winifred rushed upstairs and fetched her best hat. She was rather proud of it. It had a flower sticking up on top of it and a ribbon round it and she only wore it for special occasions. Then she took off her pinafore and she was ready. Bertie picked up the picnic basket and his fishing rod and off they went.

When they reached the sea the sun was shining and the water was sparkling and it was a wonderful day. "Just right for taking a boat out," beamed Bertie.

He found a man who was hiring out boats and he hired a nice little rowing boat for the day. "Not too expensive," he told Winifred. "And if we can take some fish back for supper, why we might even get back the cost of the rowing boat."

Winifred wasn't really sure how good her sea-legs were, because it had been a long time since she had been on the sea, but when Bertie helped her into the boat

the sea was so calm that it only rocked a little bit.

"Ooh, this is lovely," sighed Winifred, sitting on the wooden seat and leaning back happily.

Bertie took the oars and rowed as hard as he could until they were a good way from the shore. "Plenty of deep water here," he told Winifred. "We might get some nice, big, deep-sea fish out here."

"The only deep-sea fish I know are sharks," said Winifred in alarm. "I hope we aren't going to catch any of those."

Bertie said he didn't think there were likely to be any sharks around. "Never mind, if we do happen to meet a shark, I'll look after you, Winifred," he added, puffing his chest out and looking very brave and then he took his fishing line and settled himself down in the boat to catch plenty of fish.

The sun grew hotter and the seagulls wheeled lazily overhead and Winifred grew sleepier and sleepier. She closed her eyes just for a minute—and the next thing she knew, Bertie was shaking her saying that fishing was very hard work and it was making him very hungry.

Winifred sat up and tried to pretend she had never been asleep. "How many fish have you caught, Bertie?" she asked.

"Well, none, to be honest," Bertie admitted. "But I think perhaps we're too near the shore and boats and things frighten them away, so I thought we'd have something to eat and then I'd row out a bit farther and try again. We've got plenty of time."

Winifred unpacked their picnic and they ate their sandwiches and cakes and drank lots of cups of hot tea and then Bertie said he felt a lot better.

Just as they were having their last cup of tea, a big fish popped its head out of the water on Winifred's side and looked at them.

"Cheek!" said Winifred. "Fancy coming up and staring at us like that. It must have known you were on the other side with your fishing line, waiting to

catch it."

Bertie grinned. "Unless it's heard how good your cakes are and has come to see if it can taste a bit," he replied.

Winifred felt quite pleased at this praise from Bertie.

"When I start fishing again, perhaps I'll try putting a few cake crumbs on the end of the line, perhaps that will attract them," he said.

When Winifred had packed their picnic away, Bertie rowed further out still and began fishing again.

Bertie fished and Winifred dozed and thought how nice it was to be in a boat on the sea, with nothing at all to do, when suddenly Bertie saw a big black cloud coming towards them.

"Quick, Winifred, we must row back to the shore," said Bertie. "I think there's a storm coming."

He took the oars and began to row as hard as he could, but fast as they went, the storm cloud moved faster—and they really were a long way out.

Then the storm broke. A sudden wind caught the little boat and made it rock backwards and forwards. The sea was very rough and the rain came down in torrents. The wind whipped Bertie's cap from his head and sent it flying over the waves. Bertie leaned forward to catch it, but as he did so, he lost his grip on one oar and even though Winifred leaned over and tried to grab it, she missed. Away it floated.

"Oh dear, whatever shall we do now?" asked Winifred.

Next week you will find out what happens to Winifred and Bertie.

Here are the questions from the story "Alexander's Famous Horse" on page 9. See how many you can answer:

1. What was the name of the country from which Alexander came?
2. What was the name of his father?
3. Where did the black horse come from?
4. What city did Alexander name in memory of his horse?



Sinbad the Sailor



1. After spending several months at his splendid home in the city of Bagdad, Sinbad once again felt the urge to go to sea and travel the world as a merchant trader. So began the third voyage of Sinbad the Sailor. He visited many new strange lands and reaching a pleasant island, he and his crew went ashore.



2. Sinbad had never before been to that small island, but it was like others he had visited, so he was not surprised when they came upon a huge bird's nest, built on the trunk of a tree. Inside the nest was an enormous white egg. "I beg of you not to touch it, for it could bring trouble," Sinbad said.



3. But his companions from the ship had just spent many weeks living on dried salt beef and stale biscuits and the thought of enjoying a fresh egg was something that made their mouths water. "We can soon cook it in the nest itself," said one, setting fire to the dry branches of the nest. Sinbad was much alarmed, for he knew that the egg belonged to some giant birds called Rocs.



4. However, his companions would not take any notice of him and when the egg was cooked they broke it open and began to eat it. Then, as the sun began to set in the sky, one of them noticed the approach of two large birds. "Those are the Rocs," Sinbad cried out. "At dawn they fly away in search of food, but at sunset they return to their nest. They must not see us here."



5. The two great Rocs, flying low around the nest, quickly saw that their egg had been broken open. With dreadful screechings they wheeled around in the sky. "Back to the ship!" shouted Sinbad. The others took one look at the cruel beaks and curved claws of the Rocs and rushed away in a panic towards the shore.



6. In all haste they rowed back to the ship to weigh anchor and break out the sails. The ship started to move and they felt a little safer. But the angry Rocs were not going to allow the egg-wreckers to escape as easily as that. They flew to the high cliffs and each bird picked up a large boulder in its claws.



7. The cock bird—the larger of the two—flew directly across the path of the ship and let the boulder drop from its claws. On board, the captain was watching every movement closely and as soon as the rock began to fall, he shouted to the steersman to turn the ship aside as quickly as he could.

Will Sinbad's ship escape from the Rocs? More of this exciting story next week.



8. By clever steering the ship managed to make a quick turn which kept them clear, so that the boulder dropped beside the vessel instead of upon it. But so heavy was it that a great splash of water rose, almost swamping them. "We have avoided being hit by one, but what about the other?" wondered Sinbad.



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. Why does a ship have so many mooring-ropes?

"Even a large liner, which weighs many thousands of tons, can be easily moved by the wind and tide, and the thick mooring-ropes are needed to keep it safely alongside the dock. The head-ropes and stern-ropes keep the ship from moving away from the dockside. The other ropes, which go to the centre bollard are called 'springs'. These prevent the ship from moving backwards or forwards. Both wire-ropes (made from twisted strands of steel) and hemp-ropes are used in mooring."



2. Why is a spotlight used in a theatre?

"The spotlight, which is a circle of brilliant light, is shone directly on to the principal person on the stage—a ballerina for example. Different colours are used in spotlights and they shine straight at the figure performing, while leaving the rest of the stage in semi-darkness. Being 'in the spotlight' means being noticed."



3. What causes an avalanche?

"An avalanche happens when a mass of material begins to slide down a mountainside. This material is usually snow, but it can also be stones, earth and rocks. When a great thickness of snow builds up on a steep slope, a small disturbance will send it crashing down, sweeping away everything in its path."



4. What were Sedan chairs used for?

"Very popular about 150 years ago, they carried people for short journeys in towns."



5. What are chaps?

"They are leather leggings worn by cowboys as a leg protection when they ride through prickly scrub-land."